

1964

## The Vehicle, 1964, Vol. 6

Sherry Sue Fry

Roger J. Barry

David Helm

Don Kapraun

Keith Haier

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle>

---

### Recommended Citation

Fry, Sherry Sue; Barry, Roger J.; Helm, David; Kapraun, Don; Haier, Keith; Legg, Daun Alan; Brondell, Cherie; Puckett, Liz; Soukup, Mary H.; Galey, Linda; Hendricks, Joel E.; Talley, Rick; Towson, Rick; Lance, Elaine; Thomas, Robert D.; Gates, Larry; Smith, Pauline B.; Wiese, Richard J.; Salem, Terry Michael; Barenfanger, Gail M.; Carlson, Roy L.; Henry, Marilyn; and Matthews, Roberta, "The Vehicle, 1964, Vol. 6" (1964). *The Vehicle*. 13.

<https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle/13>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Theses & Publications at The Keep. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Vehicle by an authorized administrator of The Keep. For more information, please contact [tabruns@eiu.edu](mailto:tabruns@eiu.edu).

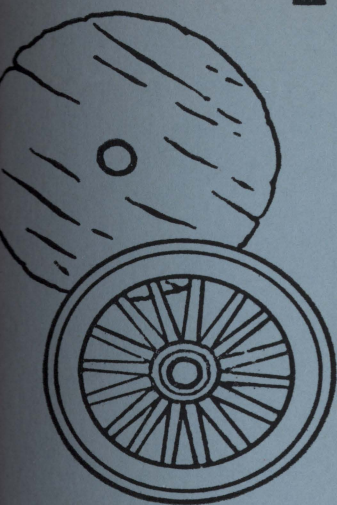
---

## Authors

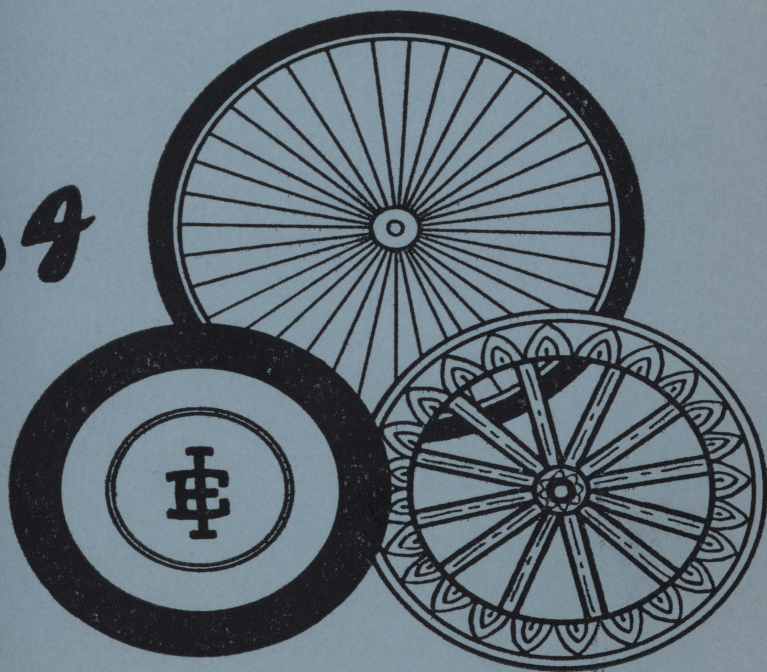
Sherry Sue Fry, Roger J. Barry, David Helm, Don Kapraun, Keith Haier, Daun Alan Legg, Cherie Brondell, Liz Puckett, Mary H. Soukup, Linda Galey, Joel E. Hendricks, Rick Talley, Rick Towson, Elaine Lance, Robert D. Thomas, Larry Gates, Pauline B. Smith, Richard J. Wiese, Terry Michael Salem, Gail M. Barenfanger, Roy L. Carlson, Marilyn Henry, and Roberta Matthews

**THE**

# VEHICLE



**1964**



Vol. 6

# THE VEHICLE

EASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY  
CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

COPYRIGHT 1964  
THE PUBLICATIONS BOARD

EDITOR

*Dawn Alan Legg*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

*Liz Puckett*  
*Tom Carrow*

ILLUSTRATOR

*Joel E. Hendricks*

SECRETARY

*Juanita Martin*

ADVISOR

*Ken Hesler*



PANA NEWS INC.



# MILEPOSTS

## Birth Announcement

After nine long months of waiting and planning and worrying and working, our bundle of joy is here! Since May we have chewed our fingernails, paced the floor, and lost sleep hoping that this child of our sweat and dreams would be attractive, complete, and punctual. Now that our blessed event has taken place, we proudly make this announcement.

We have named it *Vehicle*, and since it was born in 1964, you will undoubtedly hear it called '64 *Vehicle*. Like normal parents we hope that you will like our bundle of joy. We are naming you its god-parent. Please look at it lovingly, hold it carefully, cherish it forever.

## Contest Winners

Roger J. Barry—1st Prize Essay, Sigma Tau Delta Contest  
and Winnie Davis Neely Award  
Larry Gates—1st Prize Poetry, Sigma Tau Delta Contest  
Roy L. Carlson—1st Prize Freshman Contest  
Don Kapraun—2nd Prize Freshman Contest

## Acknowledgements

We acknowledge our gratitude to the *Eastern State News*, the English department, the Student Publications Board, C. E. Schumacher, our printer, our contributors, and our contest judges: Mrs. Frances W. McColl, Mr. Vasile Barsan, and Dr. Lee Steinmetz.

# Table of Contents

Mileposts .....	2
John Fitzgerald Kennedy Memorial Page .....	4
Sadness No. 4 (Sorgen): <i>Sherry S. Fry</i> .....	5
Christian Burial: <i>Roger J. Barry</i> .....	7
The World of Beauty: <i>David Helm</i> .....	9
The Song of the Larks: <i>Don Kapraun</i> .....	10
Contrast: <i>Keith Haier</i> .....	13
Panorama: <i>Daun Alan Legg</i> .....	13
A Child's View of Death: <i>Cherie Brondell</i> .....	14
Regret: <i>Liz Puckett</i> .....	16
Brutal War: <i>Mary H. Soukup</i> .....	17
alone: <i>Liz Puckett</i> .....	18
Madge: <i>Linda Galey</i> .....	19
Moon Watching: <i>Joel E. Hendricks</i> .....	20
Analysis: <i>Liz Puckett</i> .....	21
Universe: <i>Rick Talley</i> .....	21
Anyone Can Be A Lunatic: <i>Rick Towson</i> .....	22
I, Too, Have A Rendezvous with Death: <i>Elaine Lance</i> .....	23
The Return: <i>Robert D. Thomas</i> .....	24
Names: <i>Larry Gates</i> .....	25
Eternal Moments: <i>David Helm</i> .....	25
The Last Days: <i>Pauline B. Smith</i> .....	26
Belief: <i>Richard J. Wiese</i> .....	27
Storm: <i>Pauline B. Smith</i> .....	28
Explosion: <i>Liz Puckett</i> .....	29
Autumn Eve: <i>Joel E. Hendricks</i> .....	29
The Girl On the White Pony: <i>Larry Gates</i> .....	31
Hoffnung: <i>Terry Michael Salem</i> .....	33
Stone Walls: <i>Daun Alan Legg</i> .....	34
Adoration: <i>Gail M. Barenfanger</i> .....	37
Mirage: <i>Roy L. Carlson</i> .....	38
Nature and Nonsense: <i>Rick Talley</i> .....	39
A Step Through A Looking Glass: <i>Marilyn Henry</i> .....	40
Thoughts of a Summer Past: <i>Pauline B. Smith</i> .....	42
Indiana Grass: <i>Larry Gates</i> .....	43
Redondilla: <i>Roberta Matthews</i> .....	44
Summer Love: <i>Daun Alan Legg</i> .....	45
To Youth Reaching For Maturity: <i>David Helm</i> .....	45
Thanksgiving Day: <i>Joel E. Hendricks</i> .....	46
Sadness No. 6 (Schatten): <i>Sherry S. Fry</i> .....	48



Joel E. Hendricks  
'64

*"... A great university is always  
enlisted against the spread of illu-  
sion and on the side of reality."*

—John F. Kennedy



## Sadness No. 4 (Sorgen)

*Sherry S. Fry*

Suddenly it is dark  
and the blackness is a velvet cushion  
for the stings and bruises of contempt  
that have pelted my window.

Suddenly there is light  
and the lightning is a torch  
outlining the grotesque forms  
of my distorted confidence.

Suddenly — no, softly — there is rain  
and the shower is a gentle cleansing,  
soothing away the fear and torment  
with tears of remorse and sorrow.



Joel E. Hendricks  
'69



# First Prize, Essay Division and

## Winnie Davis Neely Award

### *Christian Burial*

*Roger J. Barry*

It was two o'clock in the afternoon on a Saturday in December, three days before Christmas. The day was filled with bright winter sunshine that made a glare, and that made it difficult to see. There were no clouds in the sky, and there was a wind, a strong wind, coming out of the West. It was so cold that day; the radio announcer on the car radio said the temperature was a minus five and was to drop lower that night. Although we were only driving 20 miles per hour, and the heater was going full blast, the car just wouldn't warm up. It was cold even in those heavy overcoats.

We pulled into the cemetery driveway and followed the hearse down the drive between the tombstones. Near the end of the drive the hearse stopped near a small tent, wind-swept in the winter wind and forlorn in the bright winter sunlight. Back of the tent about 75 yards, near an old deserted church, we could see the grave digger's truck with three men sitting in the cab with the motor running, trying to keep warm.

On the other side of the driveway was a pasture with a small stream running down toward the corner of the graveyard. There were a few trees along the stream, but they looked naked and dead outlined against the light blue winter sky. The grass was a dingy brown and covered with patches of dirty snow. The pallbearers and the minister along with the skinny runt of an undertaker were walking the casket toward the tent, and the other people were starting to follow.

We climbed out of the car and were assaulted by the winter wind. The car had been warm compared to the outside. I looked at my wife's face, and it was a mask of composure except that one tear had frozen to her cheek. Except for two or three minutes of violent crying after the small church service (and that in the privacy of the church basement) she had shown no emotion whatsoever over her grandmother's death.

Since we were primary mourners or whatever the word for it is, we had access to the tent and to the cold, wooden folding chairs. The floor of the tent was covered with undertaker's grass, a brilliant green, so out of place in the brown world about us. It was cold in the tent, but at least we were out of the wind, and it did seem a bit warmer.

The minister stood at the head of the grave and removed his hat, a dapper little Homburg. The minister was young, quite young; he looked no more than 19 or 20 years old, except that I knew he was at least my age, or 23. His cheeks looked soft like those of a little boy, and he looked so young to say such old words over such an old woman.

I looked outside over the heads of the less fortunate out in the wind and the cold. There were two or three cattle walking over the crest of a nearby hill looking down at the small crowd of people in the cemetery. The minister began the service, and somehow only snatches of it seemed to reach us even though he was speaking quite loudly. "... is my shepherd: I shall not want . . . to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me . . . still waters." "He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me . . ." God, he did look young, and he was trying so hard to be the man of God. He looked a little bit like a small boy playing minister and yet . . . "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will . . ." What was that he was reading? Sounds like something from one of the Psalms; I can't remember, its been too long, and besides no one reads any of that anymore. What silly prattle for me to think of during this service! Concentrate on what the man is saying, even agnostics find beauty in poetry. "... goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I . . ."

God, it's cold, let's go home.

Shortly it was over, and we were back in the car. I looked at my wife, and she was looking up over the hill. My brother-in-law looked at me and said, "Sure seems like a cold place to leave somebody."



# The World of Beauty

*David Helm*

Green trees turning golden  
Shape a lovely scene today  
Against the pure blue sky.  
It used to bother me  
To gaze on such a perfect sight  
And see the imperfections:  
Telephone lines like ugly scratches  
Across unbroken blue . . .  
Billows of black smoke from giant smokestacks . . .  
Bulldozers building highways  
Where lovely trees once stood . . .  
These used to bother me.  
I used to long for still unbroken wilds  
Where man has not yet stepped,  
Where nature's purity remains unmarred.

No more have I such yearnings.  
Although I see the imperfections  
On nature's perfect scene,  
I see them first as signs of life,  
The lives of men. For that,  
I would not let man's industry  
Destroy the beauty, but enrich it.  
For this I know:  
More beautiful than all these golden trees  
And cloudless skies that thrill me so,  
More beautiful still, are human souls.  
If I let not the flaws of man  
Destroy his beauty to me,  
Then I shall gaze upon the world of men  
And see the world of beauty.

# *The Song of the Larks*

*Don Kapraun*

In the spring of 1945 larks climbed high in the skies over central Europe and filled the warm blossom-scented air with a song of hope and joy. Their cheerful melody permeated the innocent green meadows as well as the sinister coniferous forests. However, their songs went unheard in a few isolated regions because of the buzzing of flies. These greedy and incessantly humming insects told a grizzly tale of death and misery to those who came upon the extermination camps at Dachau and Buchenwald and the dozens of other sites. All that spring the indifferent flies bore witness to man's infinite capacity for evil and animosity.

Twelve years earlier the birds sang their same tune, but then the buzz of the flies was barely audible. The murmuring of seventy million Germans, tormented by hunger, embittered by injustices and blinded by fear, was the only noticeable sound.

These German people had much to mumble about in 1933. They had been defeated in World War I and had lost their over-seas colonies, one-eighth of their European territory, as well as their navy and merchant vessels. They had been forced to pay billions of dollars in cash and natural resources for reparations. Now they were insane with the desire to avenge themselves and their loved ones who had died in vain.

Also, the Germans had suffered much because of the greed and callousness of the bourgeoisie who had prolonged the postwar depression in an effort to bankrupt the small factory owners and thus monopolize all German industry. Many of these extremely wealthy individuals were Jews. The Germans, never noted for social or religious tolerance, soon substituted the term "Jew" for "arrogant wealth" in their mental equation for economic strangulation. Consequently, European Jewry was marked with the sign of Cain.

Germany's political problems were almost as grave as her economic dilemmas. The Communist Party directed numerous revolutions in the postwar years and actually held most of Bavaria and Prussia on different occasions. The fascists also strived forcibly to gain political power. The



incessant clash of such extremist groups and the inactivity of the national government made for an unstable situation in which uncertainty and fear of physical reprisal were constant.

In the chaotic days of 1933, the German people, discontented, disillusioned, and haunted by real and imagined fears, exercised their free will and made a momentous decision to return to barbarism. They had lived under a monarchy and had been vanquished; they had lived under a democracy and had suffered from humiliation and depravation. Now they were willing to use any means necessary to assent themselves and their policies in a hostile world. Consequently, the children of Woden chose Adolf Hitler, a right wing fanatic and demagogue, to lead them in their struggle for national survival.

The Nazi party, under the leadership of Hitler, initiated a policy whereby the German people could revenge the numerous injustices perpetrated against them in the last quarter of a century. Since Christian theology and logical reasoning are contrary to discrimination, vengeance, and aggression, it was first necessary to reduce the power and influence of the Christian and intellectual leaders and finally to lessen the general diffusion of knowledge. Consequently, Catholic and Protestant spokesmen were imprisoned and subjected to brutal treatment. Church property was seized, and religious institutions were closed. Many professors and responsible politicians who spoke out against the new regime were harassed until they fled into exile. The Nazis discouraged all education which did not directly aid their cause. Also, they organized mass rallies where books were burned by the thousands as a gesture of the German's shedding all knowledge of evil and responsibility.

Within a few months the preliminary steps had been taken, and the hatred and vengeance, restrained for so long by the codes and mores of Western civilization, were able to wrest control of the hearts and minds of Germany. The irrational persecution of Jews and Communists ensued immediately. Laws were passed and decrees were issued in mimicry of justice as intimidation was followed by torture, and murder was succeeded by genocide. The air turned sour with the smell of fear as hundreds of thousands of individuals disappeared from sight forever. Before long the Germans found themselves reaching out with blood-stained hands for



the vulnerable underside of Europe. The destruction of the minority groups at home had served only to inflame their blind vengeance rather than to satiate their crazed desire for retaliation.

In the fall of 1938 the Germans dismembered Czechoslovakia. Then their national disease became a international malignancy, and the world watched in horror and protested meekly as Poland was ruthlessly crushed. The following spring Denmark and the low countries were emotionlessly subjected to the same terror that had reigned in Germany for seven years. Driven on by an overwhelming desire to reverse the decision of the Allied victors in 1918, the Germans marched into France and conquered the last island of resistance in Western Europe.

For the next five years, the Germans carried out their policy of discrimination, vengeance, and aggression. Reason and mercy were replaced by brute force and military might, as the Teutonic gods of the frozen northern wastes once again acquired the unwavering loyalty of the Germans.

During these same five years the Allies fought determinedly, and slowly drove the Germans out of the subjugated lands of Europe. Finally, in 1945, Germany lay in ruins and was even more impoverished than after World War I. Her people had resorted to the extremes of barbarism in an attempt to secure their place in the world and had been utterly defeated. No alternative remained but to once again take up the yoke of social restraints and to struggle on toward an uncertain future.

The German people accepted their responsibility to themselves and the rest of mankind in the years following World War II. They realized the necessity of living peaceably with their one-time bitter enemies and began to enjoy unprecedented prosperity. Once again the larks were able to sing a tune of hope from their aerial vantage point. As long as the Germans restrain their emotions and rely on reason and justice instead of deceit and force, this song of the larks will be unopposed.

## Contrast

*Keith Haier*

Youth is a new ploughed field basking in  
the sun  
Into it the seeds of life are cast  
slowly one by one  
Fragments of responsibility

Old age is the barren acre whose richness  
is but shallow  
weary . . . worn . . .  
Prepared for eternal fallow.

## Panorama

*Dawn Alan Legg*

What have living things to do with other living things?  
Listen to my rambling thoughts and to the song I sing.  
In 1845 a ragged beggar died forlorn.  
In 1945 a pretty, healthy child was born.  
In 1215 a baron died not far from Runnymede.  
In 1863 a million singing slaves were freed.  
Near Terre Haute long years ago an Indian child was killed.  
Near Calvary one famous day a promise was fulfilled.  
Other people's joys are mine; their sorrows make me sad.  
Let all men strive to be insane if I am counted mad.

# *A Child's View of Death*

*Cherie Brondell*

Lauri timidly turned the knob and walked in. The heavy odor of flowers made her light-headed, and her eyelids felt a great weight upon them. She looked around the room. There were several tables with tall modern lamps, casting a dim glow on all about. The pale walls were lined with rows of chairs, and crimson red cushioned beneath her feet. Lauri haltingly moved to her seat. Heavy drapes barred the sunlight from the room; it was cold. The quiet atmosphere was almost deafening. Everything was so unreal as if this world would soon shatter and she would awaken to find the morning.

Lauri thought to herself. That morning of tree purchasing there had been colors of pink, orange, and yellow across the sky, seeming to shed warmth on all below. The snow had gracefully waltzed to the ground where it covered the earth in a soft blanket of glistening white, gently and silently.

Lauri and her brother had mischievously disturbed Papa at his rest, beckoning him to go with them to buy a Christmas tree. After eating a big breakfast of steaming pancakes and buttery maple syrup, they were on their way. It was a happy day.

One lot after another did its best to please, but Papa would settle for only the best. Finally, at a little clearing on the edge of town, they found it. The tallest, fullest, greenest, most beautiful tree. Lauri gazed up at Papa, who stood a tall six foot three. He is so big and strong, she thought to herself. She was full of warmth.

That evening had been among the most delightful evenings which lingered in Lauri's memory. The tree had shone gloriously, arrayed in all its beauty. The carols related the story of Christmas and filled all hearts with thought.

Lauri's eyes caught her father's. A twinkle flashed in his eyes and a warm smile crept across his lips. His black hair was beginning to grey at the temples and this gave him a distinguished air. And, he was happy; they were all happy.

Her attention had then turned to her mother. Silver curled softly around her face and her eyes shone brightly.



A shy flicker at the corners of her mouth gave her a youthful appearance.

Brother Rob had lain sleeping on the floor with the dog cuddled in his arms. The contented curve of his mouth showed that he was happy. After all, this was the year his electric train was to come.

Lauri could not help noticing the feeling that hung in the air. She did not know what it was or why it was there, but it existed and it made her feel good. So good and warm.

Lauri pulled back the curtains to peer outside. The ground was covered with glass which reflected the trees as they drooped in their shimmering coat of armor, swaying heavily in the breeze. She could also see the endless sky, bleak and colorless. The beauty of the scene made her think of one of Anderson's stories, *THE SNOW QUEEN*. The coldness penetrated her heart and left it empty. Everything was in endless sleep, still, dead!

As she gazed at her small white hands folded on her lap, she thought, where do people go when they die?

Some people go to Hell where it is fiery and hot, and Satan sits upon his throne below the earth with a pitchfork in his hand. The people suffer because they have done bad things on earth, and they are unhappy.

Heaven is like a spring day with budding flowers, green trees and grass, and the warmth of sunlight and song of birds fill the air. The people there are extremely happy, and they busy themselves by preparing a place for their loved ones who will follow. God watches over all and is good to them.

Lauri pondered, I wonder what it feels like to die, though. Does it hurt? I think you must close your eyes and stop breathing; then, your body stays here, but your soul goes to God.

But why do people die? Maybe it is because they are tired. No, babies die and they could not be tired yet. Perhaps God is terribly lonely in his kingdom, watching down on all the fun of life below. He takes souls to heaven with Him so that they may be His friends and companions.

Lauri's thoughts were interrupted by the presence of others in the room. Her brother was standing before her.

No laughter sprang from his mouth, and the color had drained from his face.

Across the room, her mother sat. Alone! Her face looked so much older. Her eyes were filled with tears, her mouth turned down at the corners, and her head hung heavily from her shoulders.

Lauri rose and walked over to her father. The coldness still lingered in the room. No twinkle was in his eyes; they were shut. A smile was on his face and his hands were folded. She touched his hand, but she knew he would not feel it, for he was not there. The warmth and love was gone. Lauri knew what had united her family in happiness; it was gone, and now they were united in sorrow.

As tears welled in her eyes and overflowed, she bit her lip and grasped desperately at her thoughts. Death is good! He is with God who needs him and will care for him. But I am lonely, for I needed Papa, too.

## *Regret*

*Liz Puckett*

I heard the flute's song  
And remembered the folly  
Of happy sunlit hours.

Now the sound of flutes  
Is a dirge. I search the earth  
And find only darkness.



# Brutal War

*Mary H. Soukup*

War is ancient and always brutal! "Man like other animals, seems to exhibit a tendency from time to time to revert to the original type and to reproduce the physiognomy of long-perished races, with their fears and their hatreds, their low spiritual conceptions and their dominant animal passions." This quotation brings to my mind a study of such a man. He was a soldier who wore the uniform of a country occupying a village in Europe. High in military skill and experience, he wore his uniform of rank over a big, bulky frame. He demanded much attention, was powerful and ruthless. While eating in a small cafe one night, he became annoyed at an image reflected in a window directly in front of his table. There he saw a little head, the face of a small boy, peering in at him as he ate. Staring at him was the silent, longing of a face with sunken cheeks, a small drawn mouth with a tongue licking its lips, and eyes that were wild with hunger. Finally, the soldier was unable to endure the staring of the child any longer. He left his food on the table and stepped outside. Suddenly, upon reaching the child, the soldier became a beastlike human. In a frenzy of anger he yanked the child backwards over an extended knee, breaking its back. It was simple, just like snapping a twig, and the pitiful creature lay dead at his feet. The ruthless soldier now went back to his meal without any interruptions.

What happened to this powerful soldier? His company moved on into Africa. Among the shifting sand dunes and hot sun of the desert, he became lost and staggered nowhere. His throat dry, his bulky frame feeling the pains of hunger, and his body weak from fatigue, he sank to his knees. Suddenly, a mirage of food and drink appeared before him. He reached for this with wild, hungry passion in his eyes, but there seemed to be a plate of glass, a window, separating the man from the food. It was beyond his reach. This soldier too died a horrible death.

alone

*Liz Puckett*

alone  
i am an island  
in a mist-shrouded sea  
alone  
i am a single pine  
on a wind-swept tundra  
alone  
i am a foreigner  
in a strange-speaking land

With you I could be  
a continent, a forest, a nation—

but i am  
alone

# Madge

*Linda Galey*

Madge was sitting there watching them. The news was on T.V. which was her only excuse for being in the room. She didn't really need an excuse, though. Bruce and Suzie were talking, and she thought they were unaware that she was in the room.

They looked so in love sitting there. It would be a good foundation for their marriage, being able to talk like that. It was something she and Roy hadn't had. She remembered the night before they were married; they'd hitched up the horses and gone driving along the Lincoln Trail Road. They had tried to talk that night.

"Madge, I'm sorry we can't live in Melrose after we're married. I know most of our friends are there. I think my job is going to take us to Oklahoma."

"I know, Roy. If we stayed here, though, I could keep my shop open and help earn some money."

"I don't want you to work after we're married. A woman's place is at home."

"But, honey, I was just thinking of how much easier it would be on you."

"You're not going to work!"

That had been it. After they were married, almost all their discussions ended that way. She remembered when he'd come home from work she'd try to talk to him.

"Roy, what do you want for supper?"

"I don't care."

"Did Wayne say anything about their new baby?"

"I don't remember."

"Wasn't he at work?"

"Yes, he said something about it."

"Well, what?"

"What, what?"

"What did he say about the baby?"

"Oh, nothing."

Finally she'd given up trying to start the conversation and had just kept the house running smoothly and taken care



of the kids. She was ready to talk when he started the conversation which was rare. The years went fast. Roy had a good job and took good care of her and the children. Soon all the kids were gone except Suzie, and now she was going.

"Mom. Mom."

"Huh?"

"Mom, get up and go to bed if you're just going to sit there and sleep."

"Huh? Oh. O.K. Goodnight kids." She walked over and turned off the T.V.

While she prepared for bed she thought that there was a lot for her to be thankful. Tomorrow Bruce and Suzie would be married and all her children would be provided for and would have someone who needed them. It was too bad Roy couldn't be here to see his favorite daughter married. He'd be pleased with Bruce. Had it been five years since the accident? A lot had happened. It seemed a long time ago since they'd had to worry about money. Yes, tonight there was a lot to be thankful for, and she knelt to pray. Tomorrow was going to be a long exciting day. Right now she was tired. You get tired awfully easily when you're 65. Bruce and Suzie would be all right.

## *Moon Watching*

*Joel E. Hendricks*

Drift after drift of snow-white clouds  
Advance on the white-hot moon,  
As chilling blasts of winter wind  
Drive my thoughts to warm fireside.

## *Analysis*

*Liz Puckett*

bored

tired

sick

hopeless

This is today's man. He has  
No faith      GOD IS DEAD

## *Universe*

*Rick Talley*

The Universe, deep and forboding in its vastness.  
The Universe, black and lonely.  
The Universe, silent and brooding over the secrets of the ages.  
The Universe, filled with the beauty of the shining stars.  
The Universe, throbbing with life on a myriad of worlds.  
The Universe, a thought in the mind of God.



# Anyone Can Be A Lunatic

*Rick Towson*

Phoebe hummed to herself as she poured her second cup of coffee. Yes, this morning she felt good. Just a few minutes ago she had sent her husband, Mike, off to work after a good breakfast. She had married Mike Lewis seven years ago, when he was still a traffic cop on the Murphysville Police Force. Now he was one of the highest paid detectives; they lived in a new house; and they had a six-year-old son, Timmie, who was just starting to school.

Phoebe stretched, feeling warm and lazy in her quilted house coat, and got up to pour some milk for the cat. When she returned to the table, the oven bell rang signifying that it was time to take Timmie's breakfast rolls out of the oven. After she had set them on the table, she started upstairs to wake Tim and get him ready for school.

As she entered his room she stopped dead in her tracks. "Oh, God no!" she exclaimed. "Oh, God no!"

Timmie was lying on his back, dead. His sheets were torn away as if he had been struggling. Worst of all, his eyeballs had been plucked from his head and moist, dirty sand was oozing from the empty sockets. There was very little blood, and the room did not appear to be messed up.

Phoebe ran down the stairs, screaming, and staggered blindly through her home; the home that had been turned into a house of terror. As she gained her senses, she managed to get to the telephone and dial Mike's number. When he answered, it took her last ounce of self control to speak.

"Mike?" she stammered.

"Yes, Honey, what is it?" Mike answered.

"It's—It's—Timmie. He—He's up in his room, dead. Something's wrong with his face and I—"

She could say no more. She put down the phone and began to weep, miserably. In ten minutes Mike and three policemen ran into the house and found the terrible sight to be as horrid as Phoebe had said.

Within an hour the house was crawling with detectives. Adam Jenson, the chief of police, talked with Mike.

"We can't find any solid evidence to help us track down the killer," he said. "It just doesn't add up. No finger-

prints, broken windows, or anything to identify the killer. The only clue of any sort is the sand which is sprinkled around the room, and that can't be traced. I'm afraid that our detectives are stumped."

Two weeks later they were still stumped. No clues had turned up, and the police had not been able to corner one single suspect. Mike and Phoebe had only begun to get over the shock.

Phoebe was driving down to the grocery store. The radio was playing in the car. All of a sudden a tune came on that made cold chills run up and down Phoebe's back. "I wonder," she thought to herself. "In this day of overcrowded insane asylums and countless homicidal maniacs roaming the streets, it seems as if anyone could be a lunatic."

The radio continued its horrible song. "Mr. Sandman," it went on.

"I wonder," thought Phoebe, "could it be possible? When I was a little girl, he never hurt anyone."

## *I, Too, Have a Rendezvous with Death*

*Elaine Lance*

I, too, have a rendezvous with Death.  
I know not where or when or how this  
Meeting will occur. I know it will.  
I shall meet Death, and, for an instant,  
I shall stand taller and stronger  
Than he, and then—I shall surrender.

I have a rendezvous with Death, and  
I shall not shirk or cower from it.  
Man has met Death in the past, and, still,  
He'll meet it now and in the future.  
For man has not yet gained the power  
To avoid meeting this final hour.

Though I have a rendezvous with Death  
And know that it will come to be.  
I cannot help but to lament that  
Man for all his worth and greatness  
Must yield his life to an enemy  
That he cannot see or touch or flee.

## *The Return*

*Robert D. Thomas*

Folds of purple velvet from the Almighty's robe are loosed,  
As radiant messengers of gold signal day's demise;  
All about in our blackened chamber, silver candles glow,  
Heralding the coronation of the dark with a silvery orb.

The monarch of the black-green forest softly trembles  
In tuneful response to the cool, sweet Breath of life,  
While its usually fluttering burden reverently entones  
A solemn benediction for the fleeting moments of the past.

Nature's manna falls from the heavens, glistening  
In the silver beams of crystalline starlight bright;  
And the greenery of earth sips the shimmering pearl droplets,  
Tears, recollections of the Supreme, White-browed  
Benevolence.

Meadow and wood, ne'er touched by a mortal,  
Gaze upon the triumphant restoration of celestial Eden.  
The graceful dais of love arises again in palatial splendor  
As the Supreme Architect of the Universe fulfills again,  
In the purple arched tabernacle and mighty earthen cathedral,  
The Paradise which first He sought to bestow.



## Names

*Larry Gates*

The names of the dead  
Are becoming harder to remember  
Every day  
As I mark the numbers off  
The calendar.

The names of the living  
Increase in value  
Every day  
For, like antique furniture,  
They are becoming  
Collector's items.

## Eternal Moments

*David Helm*

Why is it, as this thing called time  
Progresses onward without rest,  
That it does not keep constant pace?  
So slowly do the seconds pass  
When one would have them long since gone.  
As days of pain and sorrow drag,  
How quickly golden years flit by.  
A day of sharing love at home  
Is but a fleeting second's prize.  
How comforting it is to know  
That times of treasure are not gone  
With passing of the clock's quick hand!  
Rejoice upon the certainty  
That they shall last eternally!

## *The Last Days*

*Pauline B. Smith*

Men marched into the sterile maw  
Of steel sheathed vertical symmetry;  
A thousand arms extended to one task;  
A thousand eyes saw flat, opaque vistas  
In unchanging blue cold gray monotone.

Machines flattened the land and pulled from it,  
Dug from it, attacked it, scratched from it  
All that made it vital and a part of living.  
Men took from it every shred of life;  
They assaulted until the life chain broke.

They have torn out the known, the great, the old;  
They have pulled down the aging citadels  
For they kept nothing fashioned by the craft  
Or from the minds of the years gone by.  
They pulled at the essence of the past,  
The good, the bad, the beautiful, and plain  
To sever the ancient forms of art  
Forever from the living, vital pulse.  
They would replace the best of natural form  
With their flat imagery whose lifeless shapes  
Could only tell man that he is man.

Where is the snowflake shape of windows stained  
By rich, deep dyes, now forever lost?  
Where are the glass-blowers, are they all dead?  
Where are the men whose hands made reeds for sound,  
Unparalleled by thin, electronic tones?

The sunset pool of fire, the purpled glories  
Of the blue, Aurora with her bright rays,  
Are rivaled by poison atomic shades  
Where an ape reflection sits looking  
Over a destitute creations rim.

The newer proceeded from the new;  
The everchanging changed to lifeless mass;  
The spirit level fell as mind's creation  
Fell to a barren, flat, stark nothingness.

# Belief

*Richard J. Wiese*

For centuries people have believed, have doubted, have agreed, have disagreed. This world is round. Why? People believe. The power of thought itself has not yet been realized by those who so industriously employ it.

Let us look in on one of those who doesn't believe, yet doesn't disbelieve. You might say he's not so sure. Mortimer Hennings, Esq. A man of simple tastes, in most things. However, he does like controversial literature. Tonight we find him seated comfortably in his chair with a good book. The house, like Mr. Hennings, is rather Victorian. This is reflected in the furnishings of the room in which he is seated, in the mantel and the fireplace, in the chair, and in the table which stands between the chair and the window. Through the window, the countryside is not visible; we can see only the reflection of our scene against the black of the night outside.

We enter the setting unseen and take a chair to relax and watch Mr. Hennings, for he shall soon prove to be very interesting.

"It is obvious that the world cannot long exist," he considers, looking up from the abstract novel that he has been reading. "Today people live momentarily with little or no hope of a bright or distant future." His thoughts range so, as he absently views the reflection of the candle on the table.

These thoughts are interrupted at this moment by a movement of his reflection. At first he considers it only as an inadvertent movement that he made himself. Then his reflection rises from the reflected chair and proceeds slowly to the mantel. At this time his interest is aroused and he thinks, "What an interesting phenomenon." No fear, no surprise, only the ever-present thought.

As he watches, the image appears to observe the degree of illumination in the room. After due consideration it takes down a candlestick from the mantel and returns to the table. There it lights the second candle from the first and arranges them together on the table. The image then returns to the



chair and is seated. For a moment Mr. Hennings observes the image, and it returns the stare.

We can almost hear Mr. Hennings' mind working. "For years people have believed, have disbelieved." With these thoughts Mr. Hennings decides to retire. He rises, blows out one candle, and takes the other with him as he leaves the room.

## Storm

*Pauline B. Smith*

It's an old man makes the storm,  
Look, his face is there in the sky.  
Cotton puff clouds shape the form  
Of his wind swirled hair blown high.

His robe, divided, long and dark  
Flows to the east, and covers the west  
Where jagged tongues of light mark  
Silver cloud ruffles on his breast.

Lip-pursed, the old man sucks in breath,  
In one puff, a mighty rush of air  
Makes a wind strong as devil's wrath  
Lift leaves and take off dandelion hair.

Wrath colors heaven like a purple sea;  
Tumults of thunder-echoes pierce her dome  
As horses of gray cloud monochrome  
Flee through the storm dark cartography.

## *Explosion*

*Liz Puckett*

My dreams burst  
And billow upward  
And hang suspended  
For a moment of tormented beauty;  
And then the wind  
Breathes the poisonous dust  
And scatters it to the four corners  
Of my soul.

## *Autumn Eve*

*Joel E. Hendricks*

A silver-dollar moon floats  
slowly by on a cold sea  
while gnarled, black tree-fingers  
stretch and claw for the coin;  
quickly the chilly miser winds  
cloak their prize with gray shadow-capes  
and spirit it out of reach



Joel E. Hendricks  
1969



# First Prize, Poetry Division

## *The Girl On the White Pony*

*Larry Gates*

In the marketplace  
A truck with a load of moaning cattle  
Backs into a cart of oranges  
That a white-aproned peddler  
Has been trying to sell  
To sweating pedestrians.  
As his wares spill out  
Onto the sidewalk  
The peddler raises his fist  
And swears that the cow-truck driver  
Will pay for his oranges.  
A whining siren is heard  
Coming down Kirkwood Street  
And the neighborhood kids kick one another  
Trying to get to the front of the crowd.

In the monastery  
A black-aproned priest  
Kneels before a crucifix  
And prays that the world might find  
A peace like the peace that he has found  
Up here in this artificial world  
Set on the green hill  
That overlooks the city.  
Up here where every footstep is listened to,  
And where one doesn't dare to raise his voice  
For fear of waking up the angels.

In the university tower  
A scholar with a loosened necktie  
And wrinkled socks  
Sits at a little desk  
Cluttered with a thousand sheets of paper.  
He is working  
On a new allegorical interpretation  
Of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*  
For a doctoral dissertation.

His dimly-lit room  
Overlooks a little park  
Cluttered with maple trees  
Where a young married couple  
And their three-year-old daughter  
Who is wearing an apron  
Printed with plum-blossom designs  
Are all taking a stroll  
Amid the spinning maple seeds.

The scholar stands  
At his little window in the tower  
And watches the family  
Approach a cowboy  
Who is holding the rein  
Of a white pony.  
As the young father  
Lifts his daughter on top of the pony  
The child drops a rag doll.  
Her young mother kneels before the pony  
To pick it up  
As a priest would kneel  
Before a crucifix.

All up and down the skyscrapers  
The people are leaning out of windows  
And throwing pieces of confetti  
That spin like maple seeds.  
The crowd roars  
Like the motor of a cow truck  
And every once in a while  
Somebody will shout  
Like an angry orange peddler.  
Kids on the street kick one another  
Trying to get to the front of the crowd  
And whining bagpipes are heard  
Coming down Kirkwood Street.

## *Hoffnung*

*Terry Michael Salem*

Remember when we sat alone on school steps, awaiting  
a ride that never came.

They'd pass us without restrain or thought.

And we paid no attention at all,

As only a forlorn hope still remained,

That help would come.

We needed them

When I was young and you were old.

Then I went away to learn of reason and life.

The situation began to change.

As fortunes improved, I vowed my return to the black  
soot and the diesel.

I'd cross the viaduct as Caesar entered Rome.

My day would come,

Because I was still young, but you were old.

The day did come.

I had longed for it so.

But it was late in arriving,

And the imbeciles to be impressed have long since  
disappeared.

The new ones cared not for me, nor I for them.

There was no one of merit nor rank to prove the new  
greatness of a past "Golden Boy."

For now I am old and you are gone.

C'est la guerre!



# Stone Walls

*Daun Alan Legg*

My fiancée, Kathleen, and I are not light-hearted, happy-go-lucky people. In fact, we are often very moody. On dates we spend our time either talking about religion, philosophy, literature, and politics, or sitting on a couch trying to achieve possession of each other through restricted lovemaking. Lovemaking, for us, is an attempt at physical, spiritual, and intellectual fusion.

Kathleen plays the piano and organ very well and likes only classical music. Her tastes in poetry and drama also lean toward the traditional and the established. She is a Presbyterian of the old school; although she is not a religious radical, her views are mildly conservative and firmly Christian. I, too, am a fairly religious person, but I am not conservative nor fundamentalist in my beliefs. I call myself a liberal; I want to reduce religion to the lowest common denominator. I stand off from organized groups and say that I have taken the basic doctrines of all the groups without the gristle and greasy fat of worn-out traditions. Sometimes Kathleen and I don't see the same dream even though we begin with the same foundation. I think of myself as a young and free poet, a perceptive observer of life who is deliberately out of step with the world, a fiery, free-swinging, twentieth-century John the Baptist who cries for reform and freedom in a wilderness of prejudice and tradition.

On Sunday afternoons Kathleen and I go to the basement of the Fine Arts Building where she practices piano for two hours. I take my notebook along and write poems and rhymes while she plays. I always show my poems to Kathleen because her approval is very important to me. I'm something of an actor too; when Kathleen doesn't seem to appreciate my works as much as my favorite literary critic, Mr. Ego, thinks she should, I act as unconcerned as an Alcoholics Anonymous member at a winebibbers' convention. If Kathleen sees through my shield of insensitivity, she isn't telling me. She is often indifferent to my poetry, my beliefs, my dreams, and me as a person. Such indifference, in my opinion, is the most callous of sins between two people who have an intimate understanding of each other. Even the

wild passion of anger leaves me with a cleaner feeling than the stagnant, dark, endless tunnels of indifference that the spirit of life must often travel through.

Kathleen once mentioned that she wanted to see what my childhood background was like. Yesterday, after putting it off for months, I decided to let her see the world of Community High School, my alma mater. We arrived in my hometown at four-thirty; our first view of the campus of Community High was framed in the red-orange and purple-blue of the winter sunset. It was a Friday afternoon, and no student or teacher was still there. It was snowing furiously, but it wasn't very cold. Kathleen and I walked each with an arm around the other more out of habit than as a protection against cold weather. Our well-covered heads were huddled close together as we walked, and we surely appeared to be one form to any distant observer.

Community High School looked much the same yesterday as it did 10 years ago when I first saw it. It is a box-like, stone, three-story building that looks exactly like thousands of other high schools between Miami and Seattle. The gray stones are getting darker from the factory smoke, and the building is a firetrap in spite of the good recommendations of the fire marshal. However, the scattered shrubs are still the same. Community is forever, (so they say) world without end. Community's world was my world for the four, long, seemingly endless years I was imprisoned there. I gained my self-confidence there during fourth hour Speech classes. I found my first girlfriend there during lunch break when I was a junior. I started becoming what I have not yet fully become during my senior year when I first discovered the worlds of Walt Whitman, Dylan Thomas, John Keats and William Blake. I left Community High in the spring of 1957 with only my diploma and the long, long thoughts of youth. I have returned there only once in almost seven years.

Kathleen and I hung our coats in the faculty closet, and I began to brush the snow out of her hair. Her white, knitted, heavy wool scarf had not covered her head completely. Her face was still cold, but her breath was warm enough to help me find her lips; I forgot about the snow in her hair and crept into the warm shelter of love's security. After one kiss and a little more snow-brushing, I took her hand



and walked her to an old-fashioned room with wood floors, black blackboards, and heavily carved desks. On the front blackboard a short passage from Richard Lovelace's "To Althea From Prison" was written.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage;

I once believed in Lovelace's idea of liberty of the soul. I once believed that man's spirit could take wings of freedom and fly over the stone walls that separate him from everyone else. I once believed that I was not condemned to live in solitary confinement, but I was wrong. I was an innocent, tan-cheeked, barefoot boy who was walking down the same dusty road of life that other people had already traveled. Somewhere along the way near the intersection of education and experience, I stepped on a sharp pebble of reality. Suddenly the pastel sky split open, and I saw seven words circumscribed on a lone cloud.

Prisons are built with stones of Law;

Then I realized that Blake had, perhaps unknowingly, held the secret of man's captivity. The force that governs the affairs of all people has an unbreakable code of laws; one of those laws is that no two bodies or souls shall ever fuse. Man shall try to unite with woman physically, but he shall not succeed in achieving his deepest desire—to make their bodies and spirits perfectly congruent. Man is sentenced by the laws that govern life to spend his mortal life within the prison of his own personal limitations. Man is born to live alone even in a crowd of laughing, back-slapping, Dale Carnegie course graduates. Even at state fairs and in packed department stores, I have been lonely. I have held many soft, warm, young, vibrant, girlish hands, but I have never held a quivering, warm soul even for a second. I have kissed many soft-lipped, warm-breathing girls, but the lips of my spirit have never kissed another spirit. I have accepted loneliness as a poor replacement for the only true happiness



I can imagine—a complete knowledge and perfect understanding of at least one other human being. I have accepted loneliness and have made her my mistress, but I still long for freedom.

Oh, if I had the wings of an angel,  
Over these prison walls I would fly;

I shall never tell Kathleen how I feel about stone walls and human limitations for she believes that she has a second existence in the cool, dark caverns of my mind. I shall never tell her, between kisses while we stand close together at her front door, that touching is as close as bodies can get, that understanding slightly is as close as minds can get, that souls cannot fuse short of the grave, that completeness of love, understanding, and happiness are beyond the arm-reach and soul-reach of man.

Kathleen and I left Community High School about two hours later. When we came out of the building, it was night; the moon was a thin sliver. The fallen whiteness crunched beneath us as we walked back to the car. I was glad to be in the fresh, crisp air again; I was glad to be away from the closeness and tightness of the stone walls of Community High. Kathleen's body warmth sang a beckoning song to me; and since I am persistent enough to try to climb unsurmountable barriers and foolish enough to hope for success, I shall join Kathleen in the ancient search.

## "Adoration"

*Gail M. Barenfanger*

Love is a medley of sweetness and understanding  
In its infancy it reaches out quivering unsteadily,  
Then gains strength in the shared hands, the tender  
kiss and the golden breath of silence  
Which lingers unforgettably for an instant.  
True joy is found merely by being alone together  
and the touching of one another.  
No word need be spoken to express this adoration.

# First Prize, Freshman Award

## *Mirage*

*Roy L. Carlson*

Mr. Primble took out his watch and shuffled over to the window. "Drat the light," he thought. This room is as dark as a tomb. It was, too, with its high, narrow ceiling and dim corners. This had been John Primble's home for 15 years, ever since — — — but he doesn't even think about that any more. "After all, Johnny deserved what he got. If he'd listened to me . . ." but the words sounded hollow and over-used. He fumbled in his pocket and took out a scrap of newspaper. With trembling hands he held it up to the light. It was the picture of a young sailor with the caption, "Died honorably, in the course of duty . . ." Anyone listening would have heard Mr. Primble give a faint sigh and whisper ever so softly, "My son, my own son."

But he was alone in the room with the dirty walls and the cracked plaster. Alone in this shell, as he had been for 15 years. The autumn sun, as it filtered through the dust-streaked window, lent a silted haze to the scene. A witness would have pitied the stubborn grey head and thought, "here is decay and crumbling humility." Primble had no friends; he had shut himself away from people when his son ran away to the Navy against his own wishes. With bitterness in his heart, his philosophy had become, "No one ever gave me anything; I'll never go out of my way for anybody." His only frivolity was a daily walk in the small park near the hotel.

He turned from his memories with a sigh, went to the closet and put on a shabby sport coat. Outside, the street was crowded, yet John Primble spoke to no one. In the park he chose a solitary bench. There was a group of children playing not far from him. They were a noisy bunch, but he didn't seem to mind for children were Primble's one weakness, the vulnerable spot in his armor of bitterness, his Achilles' heel. A smile played about his features as he watched them.

Suddenly a strange thing happened. One of the older boys broke away from the group and ran toward Mr. Primble, who looked startled until he realized that the boy was ap-

proaching him; then he stared in unbelieving joy. The lad stopped in front of the old man and, thrusting something at him, darted away. Bewildered, but with shining eyes, Mr. Primble lifted the object for closer inspection. It was a flower. To the dim eyes behind the spectacles, it looked real. All the lonely years melted from the stern old face and were replaced by a radiance that would pierce anyone's heart; he had been recognized. He examined the flower, turning it over in his hands. Suddenly, the world became a blur. Looking down, Primble saw a dark stain spreading over his suit front. He was soaking wet! The flower — — — it was a trick! Bewildered, he looked at the children. Their faces, distorted by the spattered lenses, were laughing, cruel. An expression of shock passed into his eyes. John Primble rose and walked slowly away. He didn't even bother to wipe his glasses.

## *Nature and Nonsense*

*Rick Talley*

A flower dances on the red grass.  
The trees play a melodic symphony.  
The children laugh at the rising brook.  
A clock stops, its springs rusted.  
Time is dead: All is nonsense.



## *A Step Through a Looking Glass*

*Marilyn Henry*

A lonely, old man walks slowly over the snow-covered ground. His back is bent, and, with each step, his breathing becomes heavier. He seems to sink into the oblivion of the surrounding countryside, and his slow movement is the only obvious significance of his existence. The sun, which has been hidden until now, shines with a vivid red of burning embers as it sets against a clear sky of blue. The snow, covered with a crystalline coating of ice, is like a mirror reflecting each ray of the sun with a sparkling radiance.

The old man is walking toward a house—a timeworn and old-fashioned house. This is a familiar path for him, and he raises his head only occasionally to gaze on the twilight beauty. Before entering, he pauses to wipe his feet in a habitual action. As he turns the knob, a shiny piece of hand-worn brass, the old man thinks of the first time he opened this door. Then it was the opening of the door of adulthood. This step from the life of an uncertain teen to the life of a man with the responsibilities of a home and family did not take courage, for young people are always blind to what lies ahead of them. But he has never regretted passing through that door and has never considered turning back.

He walks into the kitchen and smiles “hello” to those he sees there. The life of the family dwells in this room. It is a cheery and bright part of the house, and the walls shine with a blissful harmony. The old man’s reverie continues as he looks around this room. He thinks of all the happiness and joy that he has felt here. There was pain and suffering too, but he turns these memories away and tucks them safely in his heart—never to be called back. He thinks of the parties, the family dinners, and the Sunday mornings after church. The old man doesn’t feel any regret that someday soon others will take his place here. He realizes time passes on, and the thought of all the past and future generations that did and will cherish this house gives him a feeling of security.

The old man walks slowly into the living room. When he was a boy, this room was to be looked at and not to be used. He had always promised himself that when he had a home of

his own, it would be different—he would use his living room. But, it was not different—he lived as he had been raised. Gradually times changed, however, and passed the old man by. The television and the family moved into the room pushing the respect out. But the old man's eyes did not rest long on the screen because it seemed wrong and out-of-place to him, and he refused to accept its existence.

He leaves the living room and walks into the dining room. Visions of the days when the whole family joined together for a Christmas dinner sweep before his eyes. He relives the joy and gladness of those gatherings and bows his head silently as he remembers the blessing which was always given before the meal. The table is empty now, and his youngest daughter, Sara, sits at the head playing with her toys. Thoughts become confused in the old man's mind. What had they told him about little Sara? Was it last winter that she was so pale and listless against her little pillow? But she is well now, and that's all that matters. He touches her soft cheek, and she looks up with a sweet smile on her face. Yes, little Sara is fine now. The thought of the deadly typhoid slips from his mind, and with it so does the thoughts of his wife's and son's illness also.

I must be getting on, the old man thinks. There is much to do before the day is through. He walks back into the kitchen and says good-bye to his wife and tells her that he will see her again very soon.

He walks through the door—for the last time. He is going to a new home now and will have a new door to open. Life has been good and he has no regrets.

Night has fallen, and the moon is a silver crescent against a black velvet sky. The old man's figure becomes blurred against the snow. He turns back to gaze upon the house and utters a melancholy sigh of farewell, and soon he gradually fades into the night.

The house stands alone, vacant and friendless. The moon's glow forms a silver mist about its neglected remnants. Broken, unpainted shutters bang against grey walls as the wind whistles a mournful song through rusty eaves. An unseen hand in the night tosses tumbleweed over drifting snow.



The old man's imagination had filled that house with furniture, people, and love. For the last time, he relived what had before meant so much to him. Little Sara, his wife, and his family were only memories of an old man. Sorrow had tormented him mercilessly in his later years and he, as many of us do each day of our lives, found that the only way out was to step through a looking glass.

## *Thoughts of a Summer Past*

*Pauline B. Smith*

Fox-footed days of that summer passed  
As though harried by the hounds of time,  
And every hour fled to pursue the last  
By hope urged toward a greater climb  
Until each moment's shadow over leaped  
Time's brook and made dream enchanted night.  
Love's anxious fears planted first, then reaped  
An agony as they sped to the height  
Of loving fantasy with thoughts robed  
With strange wishes that gave a poverty  
To sunlit paths with green gloom clothed  
Because of loves eminent mortality.  
Thoughts of that summer past fill a turgid stream;  
Time drags on turtle feet without a dream.



# Indiana Grass

Larry Gates

There are times during the life of a child when he likes to play alone. There are times when a child wants—for a while, at least—to be the only existing person in the universe, for he has some important thinking to do. Ralph Waldo Emerson says that one should be careful not to be *too much* of a parent and that we should be careful not to violate that very sacred thing in the life of a child known as solitude. I suppose that every child has a place where he likes to go and be alone. A friend of mine once owned a tree house. Another used to spend long afternoons playing in the attic. My own younger brother, too young for Boy Scouts, has just set up a tent in our back yard. When I was his age or a little younger, I too had a favorite place to be alone; it was in the vacant lot across the alley from our house.

People always *called* this place a vacant lot, but I came to learn that it wasn't quite so vacant as they had supposed. There wasn't a house or a shed there, nor was there any evidence that there ever had been. There was only grass—oceans of grass, whose tides were controlled by the shifting winds. And this grass was different from ordinary grass; it grew way up past your knees and when you had shorts on it would tickle your legs with those fuzzy things on the top of the stems. Every time I walked through the grass was the first time. Every time I walked through the grass I was walking through another world. Every time I walked through the grass I was an explorer.

I had to be constantly on the outlook for unforeseen dangers and hidden treasures. An alley cat was a tiger lurking in the underbrush. A bicycle track was a trail made by a python. Unusual rocks were rare rubies. Mud was quicksand. Distant voices were people looking for me, but I didn't want to be found. The sun was life, but I could only look at it from an angle with my hand on my forehead to shade my eyes. The birds of the air were liberty, and I wanted to fly with them. A yellow butterfly with black tails on its wings was happiness, so I chased it . . .

Hiking through the grass was only half the fun though, and probably more of my time was taken by another pursuit—that of living in a hideout. Actually my hideout

wasn't a place that was hidden well enough for someone who was in trouble with the cops or something. It was only a low spot in the grass where I could sit or lie down and be surrounded by enough high grass that I couldn't be seen from the street. It was just a place where I could be all by myself. It was just a place where I could think about anything I wanted to for as long as I wanted. If I had any distractions there, it was only an occasional comic book.

More often than not though, I would just lie on my back with my hands behind my head and start my self-appointed duty of examining the clouds to see with what new forms the day was experimenting. Usually I would just see the man-sitting-in-a-chair type, but once I saw a cloud shaped exactly the way Abraham Lincoln is on a penny. The sky was the biggest thing I had ever seen, and I couldn't figure out what was on the other side of it. Looking at the sky I thought of all sorts of things that I didn't know how to say. Sometimes I felt like crying, but I didn't know why. Then either the sun would get in my eyes or I would hear voices on the street, and the magic spell would be broken, so I would roll over and start a new search for four leaf clovers. Grandpa always said they were lucky.

How blessed are those who, like a child, can lie on green grass in an open field and examine the clouds, for theirs is a sense of serenity. How blessed are the people who can meet nature face to face in open fields and find the self-evident truths in it, for they have met God face to face. Whenever I feel like a number or an I. B. M. machine, whenever I feel lost in a faceless society, I find strength, I find consolation in the fact that I once stood knee-deep in Indiana grass and thought the long, long thoughts of youth. Thinking them again, I gain the courage to live.

## *Redondilla*

*Roberta Matthews*

Love is but a butterfly:  
Awkward in its cocoon,  
Beautiful in its maturity—

But brief.

## Summer Love

*Dawn Alan Legg*

Summer love on starry nights  
Is just as real though not as strong  
As the love that spans the years.  
Summer kisses spin the lights  
Of tender passions just as long,  
But much sooner come the tears.

## To Youth Reaching for Maturity

*David Helm*

Be not so eager, Youth, to throw away  
Forever clothes that you can wear but once.  
With caution buy Maturity's black dress,  
And hasten not to don her party gown:  
Lest you assign yourself to misfit clothes  
That time alone must alter painfully.



## Thanksgiving Day

*Joel E. Hendricks*

"Goddd! It's cold," I muttered to myself through my gritted teeth as I wearily trudged through the snow. I raised my gloved hand to draw tighter the string of my hooded sweatshirt, but fumbled the job miserably. I stopped, stood the 12-gauge on its butt with the barrel leaning against my thigh and removed the gloves to retie the string. It was a wonder I could bend my arms to make my hands meet, I had on so much clothing; now I believed that saying: too many clothes only makes one colder. More awkward, too. Having secured the hood, I worked my stiff fingers back into the gloves, cradled the gun, and once more set out along the hedge.

It's funny how a snow can be so light and yet so strong. Every step punctuated the crisp winter air with a loud crunch—like a voice in an entirely empty room—and the sounds of my stalking filled my ears. In the absence of other sounds, my trudging sounded increasingly louder and louder until I had the feeling that my quarry knew my every move, that I would never take him by surprise, that he would probably be lying in wait for me.

Sporadically, small birds flitted out of the spindly undergrowth fringing the hedge row, announcing my approach. They always ducked back in quickly, only to pop out again after I had taken a few steps closer. And it seemed I never got used to their quick movements; for more than once, caught in revery, I shouldered the gun in reflex to their action. How easy it will be to kill, I mused. Without thinking, I had shouldered the gun, cocking the hammer as I brought the 12-gauge to eye level, ready to squeeze the trigger instantly. There would be no feeling, no thought when the moment finally came—only reflex.

I didn't have to volunteer to check out this section; I didn't even have to be in this manhunt. I, a college student, reacting to the pressing call of justice, reacting to the urgent pleadings of a radio announcer calling for more men to track down and capture the killer of that little girl. And I didn't even know the girl. An untried student venturing out in search of an unknown, unseen killer to avenge the murder of an unknown, unseen girl. What was I getting myself into?

I had often thought of what my action would be were I placed in a situation where I was called upon to avenge another, but this was the test. This was no longer a mere dream, a thought, a situation quickly and safely made short work of in the environs of my mind; this was a reality and an actuality. I, armed with only a 12-gauge shotgun, was tracking a killer; soon I was to face a reality as big as life and death.

I wasn't the only one who had left the warm, friendly atmosphere of his home on this bitter cold Thanksgiving Day. There were many cops and volunteers combing the area. The sheriff had called out his deputies and CD workers to help find the killer; when they had him located, they called the State Police to help with the kill. It all seemed so systematic and plausible; some 100 armed men moving in small groups and pairs on a central point, each one expecting and hoping that someone else would get there first.

We had been a pair, Dad and I. Dad was an Auxiliary State Trooper, and he and I had started out together. Dad had felt a feeling of obligation to the hunt, and the cops he knew were in on it. He had been on four manhunts, including the shooting scrape 12 years ago, when he helped take a house where a deranged farmer was holed up. I guess we both felt a feeling of responsibility, here, now. We had hunted here since I was big enough to dog rabbits before I could even lift a gun. I knew each hedge row, ditch, and gully; that was why we had separated. Dad was over to the south of me about a quarter of a mile, checking out a hedge row parallel to mine; we were to meet midway along the creek that connected the two about 200 yards ahead.

I had just set the gun against the post on the other side of the barbed wire fence and was climbing through when I heard the noise in the creek. I grabbed for the gun and tried to get turned around, but my coat was caught on the fence; I couldn't get free. That was when he shot me. It sounded like only a sharp popping sound, like a crack of a whip, not a gun being discharged. I felt the bullet enter my left chest, spinning me around and half throwing me over the barbed wire. I heard a second and a third pop; I knew he was shooting me as my body lurched and sagged on the fence, my knees bent and my arms dangling in the direction of the shotgun half hidden in the dry snow.



It doesn't hurt, but I feel sick and try to vomit. Only blood gurgles out of my drooping mouth; drop, drop, drop of blood falls and splatters the white snow. I try to keep my eyes open, to pick myself up, but I know it is hopeless. Frantically, I try to call out. All my ears hear is a whisper: "Dad . . . Dad . . . Daddy . . ." It is cold, and I have too many clothes on. I want to be home; it is Thanksgiving Day.

## *Sadness No. 6 (Schatten)*

*Sherry S. Fry*

Shadows\_\_\_\_\_  
dancing — where is the wind?  
rapid, erratic, inconsistent . . .

Shadows\_\_\_\_\_  
fearful — what is the origin?  
ghostly, crouching, waiting . . .

Shadows\_\_\_\_\_  
real — what else can life be?  
murderous, dark, stormy . . .

Shadows\_\_\_\_\_  
Life — Am I really dying,  
grasping, fitful, and . . .